

College/Mafia Au Drabbles and Shenanigans

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Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)/Everyone , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) & Everyone , Clay Dream/Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Wilbur Soot , Clay Dream & Floris Fundy , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Luke Punz , Clay Dream/Sam Awesamdude , Clay Dream & Clay Dream's Sister Drista (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Darryl Noveschosch , Clay Dream & Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Wilbur Soot , Cara CaptainPuffy & Clay Dream , Clay Dream & Karl Jacobs , Alexis Quackity & Clay Dream , Clay Dream & Eret , Clay Dream & Grayson Purpled (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Sam Awesamdude , Clay Dream & Luke Punz , Zak Ahmed & Clay Dream , Clay Dream & Niki Nihachu , Cara CaptainPuffy/Niki Nihachu , Zak Ahmed/Darryl Noveschosch , Clay Dream & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Dream SMP Ensemble , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Floris Fundy , Sam Awesamdude (Video Blogging RPF) , Luke Punz , Illumina , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Cara CaptainPuffy , Darryl Noveschosch , Zak Ahmed , Niki Nihachu , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Alexis Quackity , Clay Dream's Sister Drista (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Grayson Purpled (Video Blogging RPF) , Corpse Husband (Video Blogging RPF) , Sykkuno (Video Blogging RPF)
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College/Mafia Au Drabbles and Shenanigans

by [Aquamarine_Sky](#), [givemeamin](#), [MantisInnit](#)

Summary

Drabbles and Shenanigans surrounding the not your usual College/Mafia Au.
Requests are open but there are conditions and rules, not to mention not all requests can be taken and we don't always have time.

Notes

A little introduction of the AU

Introduction to AU

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Brief Summary of AU and request rules.

AU: Dream is a tired college student who wants to peacefully pass this year, but it's all thrown out the window when he's wrongfully kidnapped and well, literally thrown into chaos.

Request rules:

- No Smut
- Angst
- Fluff
- Crack
- No spamming other chapters
- Nice comments and funny bookmarks are nice.

In each chapter we'll write down our names so you know who wrote them

Chapter End Notes

All requests should go here, the thing glitched and this note was shown to the characters chapter, but from now on I ask of you all to request on the Introduction chapter - M1NI

Characters and their respective roles.

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

Characters and their respective roles in this AU

Chapter Notes

I hope it's to your liking - M1NI

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream:

- Tired College Student, Computer Science Major
- Has a smiley mask that he just hangs on the side of his face
- Does parkour on the side
- Addicted to Red bull (smh)

Opinions:

Phil - "I'm a little concerned for him, but he's very good with children, -and computers!"

Bad - "He's my childhood friend, I would do anything to make him happy"

Quackity - "Chill dude, we hit off instantly man"

Sapnap - "He's cute"

George:

- He's stronger than he looks
- Colourblind (uses it to get out of things)
- Info gatherer, Hacker
- Acts like he doesn't care, but *will* cry if you insult him /j

Opinions:

Dream - "He told me he was colourblind when I was mad he didn't let me do my essay"

Sapnap - "Take the L, George!"

Eret - "I think his glasses are cool"

Technoblade - “I might punch him”

Sapnap:

- Pyromaniac
- He breaks computers every week and Dream is so sick of him
- Flirts with anyone and anything
- Bombs and destroying evidence/information

Opinions:

Dream - “When will he stop with the holes in the computers??”

Karl - “He’s nice as long as he’s not in the area of a lighter in reach”

Wilbur - “I swear he’s so stingy with his lighters even if he has at least 12”

Sam - “I wonder if he’ll ever shut up”

Wilbur:

- Faceless Musician on the side
- “PHIL, TOMMY TOOK THE FUCKING MICROWAVE”
- Sadistic probably
- He’s an all-rounder but excels in interrogation and bombs

Opinions:

Dream - “He has a pretty face, but it won’t be so pretty when I punch it in because he keeps on hiding the Red Bull”

Punz - “I wish he would stop strumming that ugly guitar at 3 am”

Tubbo - “He keeps on bullying Tommy and I think it’s very fun to watch”

Puffy - “If this man hurts my son I *will* castrate him”

Technoblade:

- Strongest in the house
- “I shot him in self-defence”
- He used a sniper gun to hit someone in the face and killed them. Wrong equation right answer
- Tank and strategist

Opinions:

Dream - “He lets me fiddle with his hands when I’m stressed and I appreciate it but I don’t appreciate the manhandling”

Phil - "He's a nice guy if you don't consider the fact that he probably hates everyone"

Fundy - "He's scary, but sometimes he's quite funny"

JSchlatt - "Strong or not if he looks at Dream the wrong way he's going down"

Fundy:

- Also a college student, studying computer science (Different University)
- Running joke that he's a furry
- Smarter than he looks- or acts.
- Hacker and Distraction (Someone who gets the team out of sticky situations)

Opinions:

Dream - "A furry who likes to test the line when he turned off the power last night"

Purpled - "Eh, Dream's better"

Tommy - "Bitch boy thought it was funny to get Dream mad and now he's hiding"

Karl - "He's scarily smart, but he acts like an idiot"

Sam:

- Also very physically strong, probably right after Technoblade
- Likes physical touch
- Learnt Chemistry and Medicine and therefore well versed in drugs
- Traps and technician and also helps with drugging

Opinions:

Dream - "He likes lifting me up a lot, and also constantly checks if I'm eating and drinking properly"

Ranboo - "He can be a scary man, but generally Sam is very laid back"

Fundy - "Sam likes order and organising things. I think that's pretty cool"

Niki - "Sometimes he helps me out with the medicine and I really appreciate it!"

Punz:

- Likes shooting games
- Also probably has a coffee addiction
- He lets Dream borrow his hoodies so they can wash Dream's
- Sniper and sometimes close combat

Opinions:

Dream - "I like his hoodies, but sometimes it gets annoying when he keeps on throwing bottles at me to drink"

Technoblade - "He has more muscle than he seems"

Bad - "His aim is pretty good, I won't lie"

Purpled - "He's a chill dude, I'm better at games though"

Illumina:

- Silent on his feet
- Mask buddies with Dream, except his, is just a face mask
- Knows the body's pressure points (Learnt from Niki)
- Assassin and Interrogator

Opinions:

Dream - "He likes scaring me, I think"

Quackity - "Bitch scared me while I was counting money and I had to start over"

Eret - "We don't talk much but his presence is enjoyable"

Sapnap - "Mysterious vibes with that mask on"

Phil:

- Dadza pog???
- Takes care of the teenagers (+ Dream)
- His only biological son is Tommy
- All-rounder and left-hand man, but these days he does strategies more

Opinions:

Dream - "I think he's always concerned for me, which is bad because it means I can't down 3 Red Bulls and pull an all-nighter"

Skeppy - "He's very protective and wise. Like an old man"

Wilbur - "I like making him stressed, he has funny reactions"

Illumina - "He gives off fatherly vibes"

JSchlatt:

- Used to be a gang leader but just changed to the mafia
- Divorced with Puffy on good terms (So he could focus on rehab for drinking)
- Adopted Drista and Dream
- Interrogator and Information gatherer

Opinions:

Dream - "My Dad, couldn't have asked for anyone better"

Fundy - "A scary man, but we can all tell he adores his family"

Drista - "He always tells me dad jokes and they're so *dumb*"

George - "We sometimes catch him glaring at us, and it's pretty obvious why"

Puffy:

- Divorced Schlatt because they only got married for the gang but since they left they divorced. (Supports Schlatt through his rehab)
- Shared Custody over kids
- Dating Niki
- Getaway driver and close combat

Opinions:

Dream - "Best mum. She's really warm as well"

Sapnap - "She's scary as hell man"

Tubbo - "She's really nice to us"

Drista - "Mum's nice but sometimes she can be a little overwhelming"

Bad:

- A childhood friend of Dream
- Engaged with Skeppy
- Looks like a cinnamon roll, could kill you
- The Leader, close combat and sniper.

Opinions:

Dream - "Bad has always been like a second dad to me"

Skeppy - "My fiance, the love of my life"

Ranboo - "He's nice but when he gets mad nothing can stop him"

Niki - "His accuracy when he throws knives is immaculate"

Skeppy:

- Attending Uni with Dream and also good friends
- He gets lessons on Comp Science from Dream
- Engaged with Bad

- Technician and Mechanic. Right-hand man

Opinions:

Dream - "Skeppy's a good friend, I like him"

Technoblade - "Making him annoyed is very amusing"

Bad - "He's my fiance, I love him"

JSchlatt - "Loud, but a good friend"

Niki:

- Likes making flower crowns
- Studied Medicine
- Teaches Sam pressure points and weak spots
- Medic and close combat

Opinions:

Dream - "She had to take care of me whenever I got injured, I appreciate that"

Fundy - "She made me a flower crown, it was really nice"

Tommy - "I think she's nice but her knowledge in the medical field shouldn't be underestimated"

Wilbur - "She's one of my closest friends and her role in the mafia is very important"

Eret:

- She/They/He Pronouns
- His deep voice surprises a lot of people
- Good with young children
- Spy and Infogatherer/Organiser

Opinions:

Dream - "The first thing he asked was to braid my hair, he did and now my hair is a fancy mess"

Karl - "She's really chill and gives great advice"

Puffy - "I think they're lovely"

Purpled - "I want to steal their sunglasses"

Karl:

- Chaos but soft
- Involved with the government
- Very good with his words

- A spy they planted in the government.

Opinions:

Dream - "He's funny, and he gives me Red Bull whenever I run out, so that's a plus"

Quackity - "He's gotten me out of plenty sticky situations"

Illumina - "This man's acting is really top tier"

Ranboo - "I like to scare him sometimes"

Quackity:

- Good with words and persuading people
- Very good at gambling
- Probably drinks with Schlatt
- Drug dealer, guns.

Opinions:

Dream - "We hit off instantly, he's really funny and overall a very hyperactive dude"

Tommy - "Big Q once wore a dress and danced with a street light. We don't talk about it"

Technoblade - "When he gets loud I punch him"

Phil - "At first I tried to not let him near the kids because of the drugs but his personality, high or not, is refreshing so now I let it be"

Drista:

- Dream's non-biological sister (Surprisingly)
- Violence or sass is the only language she speaks
- Likes teasing Dream, but looks up to him the most
- Started hacking (Because of Dream). Leader of the Sabertooth (A little vigilante gang the teenagers are in)

Opinions:

Dream - "She's annoying, but she's my little sister and I love her"

Ranboo - "She scares me. A lot"

Wilbur - "She's a fun kid, especially when she scares the living shit outta Tommy"

Skeppy - "Drista is pretty good at hacking considering she only started learning recently"

Tubbo:

- Likes the garden
- Friendly but he's scary good at reading people
- While making small talk he already knows what kind of person you are
- He just *persuades* police whenever their gang gets caught

Opinions:

Dream - "He's a nice kid, dragged me to the garden to wind down"

Tommy - "Big T is my best friend"

Fundy - "He's good at reading people, surprised me the first time"

Illumina - "I wonder how he's so good at telling lies while figuring out lies at the same time?"

Purpled:

- Who is this lost, sassy child?
- Protective over his friends
- He shows his love through insults
- Can do martial arts

Opinions:

Dream - "I always laugh at his insults, they're funny"

Karl - "As long as you're not the victim of him trying out new moves, you'll be fine"

George - "He kept on insulting me"

Niki - "I think he's a sweet child"

Tommy:

- Loud. Very loud
- He's driven by his emotions
- Didn't like Dream at first but warmed up over time
- Distraction, probably

Opinions:

Dream - "He swore and escaped the house when I first met him, now he swears at anyone who tries to hurt me. It's endearing"

Wilbur - "He's annoying and I hate him but if he gets hurt I'm killing everyone in this room and then myself"

Ranboo - "I thought he didn't like me at first but then I found out it's how he shows emotions"

Schlatt - "What a chaotic kid"

Ranboo:

- Sometimes snippets of memories go missing so he has a book to keep track
- Very indecisive. Awkward boy. His feet are also silent
- Didn't trust Dream at first, but more subtle than Tommy. But now Dream is his favourite older brother.
- Strategist and figures out how to escape

Opinions:

Dream - "Eccentric child, but he's nice"

Technoblade - "I called him memory guy for a while because I forgot his name"

Quackity - "He's awkward, but fun to tease all the more"

Sapnap - "He hates rain, and it's honestly funny"

Chapter End Notes

Also if you didn't notice the 'opinions' are the opinions of other characters.

Late Night Intruders

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

Request by Golden_Might with a couple of changes. - by M1NI

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry if my writing isn't to your liking or it disappointed you because it wasn't what you were looking for.

My writing style changes every time I write, so I can be a little unfamiliar with writing and it shows.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was so tired, but his eyes just won't close and his hands won't stop reaching for the Red Bull that keeps him awake. He swears he hears a crash and loud thudding, but he ignores it. ~~After all, he's in a house living with the infamous SMP mafia, loud noise was to be expected.~~ Currently, he's working on the mechanics on a website he made for simple information about Computer Science. He doesn't notice the shouting, Dream's way *too* tired for that.

Just when he reached for another sip of the energy drink, he finds it empty and his room is also bare of said drink. He groans, and contemplates just yelling for another, before realising it is currently 4 am and several people in this house will have his head for staying up so late again. So he tiptoes downstairs and to the pantry, or well, what was supposed to be the pantry. He did not expect a tied-up man with George and Sapnap looming over him and well, threatening him.

"George? Sapnap?" His voice is rough from not talking for a while, and it cracks slightly and Dream winces. That's not very good.

They spin around, surprise obvious on their faces and their expressions softening to something less...sinister.

"Dream! Why are you still up?" Ah Fuck. His little scheme of making sure no one knows he's awake was promptly thrown out the window.

He winces and tries to come up with an excuse, but only stood there awkwardly.

“Uh, never mind that, why is he tied up and why are you both well, in the pantry?” He tries to divert the subject and Sapnap squints at him before smiling and answering

“He broke in!” What. Hold up.

“Sapnap! You don’t just say that”

“What? Why?!”

Oh God, they’re bickering again. The man looks terrified, and Dream’s not sure if he wants to know what they did to him. He gives a small wave to the man and earns a glare in response. Rude.

“-Well he deserves to know!”

“Not in that way, dumbass!”

“Um, I don’t really care and all, but what are you going to do with, well, *him* ?” The man glares at him before Sapnap and George turn to him. ~~It’s not very nice, but he *did* break in, so the guilt is a little off his shoulders.~~

...He’s too tired for this, and it hits him that the main reason he came here was for the Red Bull.

He contemplates if he should take it and run while George and Sapnap are distracted before disregarding the thought because although no one in this house ~~Excluding some~~ in this house shows it, they’re very attentive, and he would surely be found out the minute he tried running.

Dream wonders if he should just not get the Red Bull but then remembers he needs to finish the website because his professor has been bothering him about the progress for a while now and he just wants to show him so he can, you know, *stop bothering him* .

Another option is just taking a Red Bull in front of their faces ~~Which well, is just telling them to~~

~~notice he's trying to pull another all-nighter~~, but he's not sure if he wants to deal with Sapnap and George at the moment.

He could always just wait until they finish doing whatever to the poor man and take it after they leave, but he's not sure when they'll finish, judging by the fact they don't have anything on them, therefore they aren't interrogating properly. Not to mention they won't just leave him in the pantry and go without him.

So Dream is currently a little, well, stuck. Which is honestly an understatement.

...

'Ah fuck it' He thinks as he grabs a Red Bull while Sapnap is threatening the man and tries to dash before hands snake around his waist and he hears a low voice whispering in his ear which sends warm tingles up his spine

"Where do you think you're going with the drink, Dreamie?" Shit. He forgot about George for a hot second there, and it's his ultimate demise.

He tries to squirm out of his grasp but it only makes the hands go tighter before he whines and places his beloved drink back.

"Are you drinking that shit again, Dreamie?" He glances to the floor of the pantry and notices the man gone. Sapnap probably took care of him, seeing as he's also hugging Dream now.

The others were asleep, so he didn't want to make too much noise but he might scream with them both half-interrogating him right now.

"...No" He sees Sapnap frown in displeasure and George's arms tighten just a little more

"....Yes" Sapnap's face smoothes out but he still looks disappointed, maybe slightly pissed. George's arms are still tight around his waist.

"And why's that, Dreamie?" George whispers in his ear and he feels his face heating up from the

tingles.

“...W-working on a Website I need to show my professor tomorrow” He stutters on the first word and curses himself.

“Can’t you show him next time and go get rest?” Sapnap asks, displeasure seeping into his tone

“Can’t, he’s been bothering me about the progress for a while” Sapnap’s eyes harden as he stares at Dream. He’s been living with them for a while but when anyone gets like this it’s hard not to get intimidated.

“Well, Dreamie, you’re gonna rest now,” George tells him, slowly guiding him to the bathroom so he can get ready to sleep

“But-!” He tries to argue before they both give him a look and he surrenders.

He brushes his teeth and washed his face before coming out and being promptly dragged to his bed so the three of them can cuddle. He tries not to let the website cloud his mind as he feels hands stroking through his hair and warm hands circle his body.

When he doesn’t show the professor his progress, he’s surprised when the professor just smiles nervously and says he can show him next time. ~~It’s obvious who it was, and he rolls his eyes in fondness.~~

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the support currently!

Change For You

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

OOO character's request by Peachmilk_moonshine_andpeachmochicyanide with a lil twist
- M1NI

Chapter Notes

It's a 4 + 1 chapter, hope it's good!

Also, there are like background characters so xd

And you can prive Dream and Quackity being best friends from my cold dead hands, which will be hard because I'm immortal /hj

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

i. Tommy

Now, Tommy was one very obnoxious teenager ~~Although he himself might not directly ever say that, he is, after all, a big man~~ and all of his high school knew this, especially Dexter, who was his seatmate in homeroom ~~And he could say with all his might that in the mornings, Tommy was insufferable~~ and also his partner for an assignment. Joy.

So when the time came for him to go over to said boy's house to work on it, he was not very thrilled. Especially with the 3 others who keep on staring at him and Tommy who refuses to *shut the fuck up*. Based on the interactions of him and Tommy and the three others, *who he still doesn't know the names of*, he deduced that he will in fact, not like Tommy's family. Who he heard consisted of 20+ people. He still doesn't believe it, by the way.

He sees a white car pull up and he ignores it until the four of them clamber in and it hits him that it's their car and he's supposed to, you know, get in. One of the three, the one wearing a purple hoodie, calls shotgun.

Dexter honestly expected more noise from the adult ~~or late teen?~~ ~~Whoever was driving had a very small figure, even if they were quite tall~~ considering the other teens ~~Who he learned was Purpled, Ranboo and Tubbo after they stopped staring at him and started bickering with each other~~ were also very loud in school but was proved very wrong when as soon as they were all seated they

started talking in hushed whispers.

With no loud voices to annoy him, he plugs in his earphones and looks out the window. In the reflection of the window, he catches a glimpse of the man's face and is greeted by a very tired looking, young, handsome dude. He also has a mask that rests on the side of his face. It has a wonky smile on it and it slightly unnerves him, but he tries not to look at it much.

When they arrive at Tommy's....house ~~It was more of a mansion~~, they all silently climb out of the car. The man comes out the slowest and they all just...wait. It's like an unspoken rule, Dexter thinks as he watches the man lock the car and drag his body to the door, the 5 of them following like ducklings.

They're greeted by 2 men at the door, who glance at him and then look away just as quickly. He respectfully looks down until Tommy calls to him to follow him.

Later, while they're both working on the project and the Ranboo dude is somewhere in the background doing god knows what, he tentatively asks Tommy who the guy in the mask is, but all he got was a stare with an unknown look behind Tommy's eyes and he feels another pair of eyes staring at him before he changes the subject.

He doesn't ever bring up the dude again.

ii. Wilbur

Kelly was merely a worker under the infamous Wilbur Soot, known for his looks and sadistic personality, not to mention his skill in all areas. She's worked with him for the longest now, saw how he acts and what he does.

She knows that he is a cold-blooded killer, someone who enjoyed watching his victims tremble in fear and scream in agony, someone who watches in glee as he experiments with new weapons and traps and laughs mercilessly as they cry for help, someone who carefully lays out plans just so it drags on and he can have fun.

She also knows of his skills, how he carefully lays out traps and positions of ambushers so they have the upper hand, how well he handles sticky situations and his workers ~~They were merely workers who served his needs, and if you don't fulfil them, well, you were simply removed~~, how he knows just to right spots to cause the most pain, how he dodges *just so* whenever he's attacked so his important organs are never damaged, how he mutters just the right words so anyone can be immediately under his command. Frankly speaking, she's terrified of him, while also awed and

humbled.

His skills were probably only parred by The Philza, ~~She doesn't think about how she hasn't seen him in action for a while~~ and their Boss. Their leader- no, *his* leader. As Kelly said, they were only there to serve Wilbur, who is ultimately their boss, and Wilbur serves ~~Works under, not serves~~ his boss. They could never meet the actual boss, lest they embarrass Wilbur. She wouldn't complain, of course she couldn't, he'd have her head in the blink of an eye.

As far as Kelly knew, her boss only listened to 3 people, and they were Sir Philza, Sir BadBoyHalo and Sir Skeppy ~~And his friends, but she's not quite sure on that one~~

So it's quite an understatement to say she's surprised when she follows her boss along to his shared mansion for a quick meeting and meets another man. When she followed behind her boss and greeted the other higher-ups ~~She flinched a little when she greeted Sir Technoblade, because he was not the most kind~~, she noticed a man. He had a light green hoodie on, his long hair ~~She's in awe, the hair is braided in the most beautiful way~~ neatly in a braid, in his hand a Red Bull. His eyes were a lovely shade of emerald, his hair a soft blonde. He had eye bags that reached his cheeks ~~She winced, that's not very good for him~~ and a mask that was slanted to the side of his face ~~It had a wonky smile on it. For some reason, it absolutely terrifies her.~~ She's never seen this man before,

"Dream!" Her boss yells before running up to the man and hugging him. She's rightfully awestruck. The other higher-ups don't even glance at them. Just who is this man?

"Wilbur, get off me" The man, who she assumes is Dream, lightly pushes her boss off him and she waits for the inevitable change in behaviour from him but widens her eyes when her boss pouts, *pouts*, and gets off him.

Whoever this man, clearly has some authority over her boss, and the other higher-ups judging by how Wilbur acted. She respectfully doesn't look at him directly again.

iii. Niki

Niki, she's pretty and kind, a lot of people can attest to that. Especially Alya, who's been her friend since the start of college. She's seen what Niki can do, how she perfectly dissects a frog without blinking and stitches it back right up perfectly, how easily she memorised all the cabinet medicines and pressure points of the body. She knows how Niki is, how even if she can easily become a head surgeon at a big hospital, she prefers volunteering and making flower crowns for the young and the elderly.

Alya is Niki's helper, which means yes, she does know what Niki does and that Niki is involved with the Mafia. But Alya is only there as a spy, someone the government sent to spy on the SMP

Mafia. She's not sure if Niki knows.

When she's invited to their house, she dutifully follows and meets a new guy. She's never seen this man before, is he involved with them? Is he a victim? She's wary.

The guy looks tired, and the only defining feature of him is the porcelain mask with a wonky smile on it. She's leaning more unto the man being involved with them.

She sneakily takes a picture and doesn't notice Niki stiffening next to her.

"Alya, I want to show you something, come" Niki calls out to her. She feels the eyes of the man on her, and Alya tries to ignore it. She follows Niki to a room at the end of the corridor, and then it's dark.

When she wakes up again, she's in a basement, gagged, lying face up. She sees Niki next to her, staring coldly.

"I was gonna let you off because we were friends, but we can't afford Dream being found out, or else he'd also be in trouble. Sorry, Alya, I didn't want it to come to this, but if I let you go with that picture he would've been on watch, and we just don't want that." Niki smiles and Alya fears for her life. "I hope you understand"

iv. Quackity

Everyone who's ever worked with or traded with Quackity will know he is one playful man. Preferring a comfortable space instead of one that's filled with tension and people being wary of each other. He *never* got violent.

Quackity's job was simple: find the desired drugs and hand them over for cash. It was quick and easy (Most of the time), and he usually went alone, but today, he wanted to bring over his buddy, Dream. ~~Normally he would never bring over someone like Dream, someone who wasn't involved in their...business and also someone who they all cherished, but Dream personally asked him this time around, and who is he to say no to his best friend?~~

Normally Quackity would run, but today, he's just chilling with Dream as they leisurely walk as if there aren't drugs and a gun (For safety) in his bag right now.

“Where do you even get the... *things* from?” He nearly doesn’t catch it as Dream’s voice is generally very quiet

“Depends on what type, actually” He answers, glancing at his bag “If it’s popular ones, from an underground factory. If it’s the rarely sought out ones, we get them from overseas.”

“Ah”

They fall into a comfortable silence, Dream sipping away at his drink ~~They managed to sneak one out of the pantry.~~ When they round the corner, his customer is standing there, trembling. Ah, another addict. He mentally laughs at them.

He walks up to the customer, a middle-aged man in rags, and asks for the money. When the man doesn’t pay up, he frowns and asks with a little more force. The man shakes before grabbing Dream and holding him at gunpoint and yells at Quackity to give him the drugs. Huh. So we’re going this way now, are we?

“Y-you better *hic* give those drugs now, boy *hic* ” The man slurs. He’s drunk as well. Joy.

“Ay man, better put down the guy” He warns. It’s his last chance. He sees Dream slightly shaking and it makes him angrier.

“Or *hic* wha-” The man is dead before he finishes, blood splattering onto the wall and onto Dream.

“Sorry about that man, should’ve told you to close your eyes” He winces slightly at his foolishness.

Dream shakes a little before sputtering out an ‘It’s fine’

He makes sure to take Dream to Bad and Niki so they can help him calm down about it.

+ v. Dream

Dream’s professor knew him as someone who was constantly tired, addicted to Red Bull, only

close to certain people ~~He can list them off with a single hand, Bad, Skeppy, Quackity and Eret,~~ very good at computer science and technology and that he is generally a good child and would never be involved with something like the mafia. We all know which one is wrong, right?

It was just another lecture, something about mechanics and coding of a website, or something. Dream wasn't listening, he already knew how to do it anyways. He tuned in sometimes and dozed off the rest while Skeppy, who was next to him, was jotting down notes. If he needs it he'll ask later.

It wasn't until everyone started leaving did he notice his professor calling for him, telling him to stay back.

"Don't wait for me, I'll take the bus home" Dream tells Skeppy. He knows Skeppy will wait with the other three anyways.

He dutifully waits as tired college students filter out

"Dream, I wanted to talk to you about your friends" He wonders why

"They seem to be distracting you from your work and I know this isn't high school but I have very high expectations from you since you're at the top of the class so from now on don't hang out with those boys, well maybe except Bad-" The Professor drones on

"Excuse me? Who are you to tell me what to do, Sir? My work isn't affected by my friends or family and yet you tell me this? This isn't high school like you said. I can choose what I do and who I hang out with, Sir. Please don't mention this to me ever again, thank you" Dream cuts him off, angry.

Who does this man think he is? That he's just gonna listen because *one* professor told him to do this?

The man's face goes red and he looks ready to yell but before anything could happen Dream is already out of there.

When Skeppy, Bad, Eret and Quackity ask him what happened, he tells them in great detail and in irrational anger.

When by the next lecture they have a new professor, Dream doesn't say anything.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all your support guys, we really do appreciate them!

Also if you see my comment deleted, it's because I didn't wanna spam even though I want to answer everyone, so don't worry lmao.

Sam and Techno find a tired Dream

Chapter by [Aquamarine Sky](#)

Chapter Summary

Aqua-Sky here!!! :DDDD

Dream getting manhandled by Sam and Techno-EclipseKuran

I twisted the prompt a bit but I really liked how it turned out!!

Imao I'm really nervous about this chapter so I hope you guys enjoy it

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream bolted upright, shadowy figures that danced in his nightmares flashed behind his eyelids. Maybe this was his way his body took revenge for him drinking Red Bull all day every day. He stretched with his back cracking as he went.

“owwwwwwwwww” he groaned loudly, leaning back in his desk chair. The light of his computer still shone brightly, hurting his eyes. He hadn’t been bothered to get up from his desk to turn on the light and Dream was now regretting it. He knew he was a mess but at least he was getting good grades! So what if he fell asleep while working on assignments, the others would say otherwise, they went on hour long rants about how Dream needed to take better care of himself and “Please Dream for the love of god put down the Red Bull”. Dream sat back and rubbed his aching eyes and looked around his room, his apartment was in terrible conditions but it worked, yeah so what if there were leaks? So what if he could hear everything his neighbours did every single night? It was a place to stay with a roof over his head, it was fine.

“... I should probably do some cleaning at some stage,” he mumbled aloud as he stood up, his bed had been left unmade for weeks and the old clothes he was too lazy (tired) to clean up before taunted him, he had let the piles grow and grow and before he knew it he could barely see the floor anymore. Dream moved carefully, too tired to continue with the assignment he had been working on before he fell asleep. He didn’t want to go to sleep though, nightmares haunted his dreams more often than not and it was never fun to wake up with adrenaline coursing through his veins. Dream hated nightmares, they scared him and made him feel vulnerable, maybe that’s why he hated sleeping... the shadows always shifted and morphed into people he wish he could forget, phantom pains seemed to also be a recurring occasion. Dream rubbed his face and noticed how his hands were shaking once again, he took a few deep breaths and cupped his hands together on his chest, feeling the thumping of his heart.

“Everything’s fine, just take a few deep breaths and get another Red Bull... you don’t have to sleep if you don’t want to,” he whispered to himself. He carefully maneuvered himself towards his door, his home was quiet which allowed a sense of peace to wash over him. He got to the small fridge in the kitchen, opening it and grabbing one of his energy drinks (one of the only things that helped him get through each day). He opened it and took a long sip from it, already feeling the soft buzz it caused. He moved to sit in the living room but heard the sound of his window opening.... Great. Dream hid behind the doorway that separated the kitchen from the other room.

‘Great, just perfect. What even is the time?!?’ Dream looked tiredly to his oven where the soft glow of ‘3:13am’ illuminated the room slightly. ‘AT 3 IN THE MORNING?? No I’m not dealing with this. If I die, I die.’ and with that he strolled out of the kitchen taking another large sip from his drink.

“Okay it is like 3 in the morning what the he-” there stood Sam and Techno... ah he was screwed. He could tell the exact moment their eyes locked on the drink in his hand, their eyes had been focused on his face, smiling brightly at him before falling to just disappointment and deep bone exhaustion.

“Dream are you actually kidding right now. We’ve told you to drop those ages ago!”

“They’re going to cause real problems with your heart you know that?” they both surged forward, Dream never stood a chance.

Techno picked him up easily and dropped him down on the couch as Sam started cleaned Dreams tiny apartment. Old clothes removed from the floor, old trash thrown out, surfaces wiped down quickly.

Dream was dozing off slightly on the couch (he didn’t like it but they had taken his phone as well and refused to let him do any work) the last bit of energy drink had lost its effect a while ago, leaving Dream feeling light but heavy at the same time. Dream barely registered being lifted up by strong arms and moved to his bedroom. He was gently placed on the bed and he could feel a soft blanket being placed over him.

“We’ve gotta get him into nice pyjamas. Can’t let him sleep in these... one, they stink and two, yeah we’re forcing him to sleep in, may as well make him comfortable” that was Sam... right? Dream couldn’t really tell anymore.

“Here they are-oh my god they’re literally paper thin. We’re taking him shopping at some stage” Techno, absolutely, he loved pointing out how Dream always looked like he had just crawled out of a trash can.

"Oh absolutely"

Soon Dream was in soft pyjamas, he was so tired he didn’t really remember what happened but he registered that two bodies were on either side of him. Somehow fitting on his small bed. He was in a tight hug, it was comforting and warm and Dream really liked it. He forgot the dark figures of his nightmares as the warmth of the hug consumed him. A face nuzzled into his shoulder and he finally felt himself fall into a deep sleep... this time he knew nightmares would stay away.

Chapter End Notes

this is before dream was taken by the mafia to the mansion to live with them.

a midnight meal to the guy with the restraining order

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

Overprotective Minors from Xx_chxrry_xX with a twist, hope it's to your liking! -
M1NI

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry but the I thought the title was funny

Also sorry about not posting for a while, motivation went bye

Also also sorry about the requests that haven't been written yet, we're working on it

But good news (Kinda), I'm working on the origin story (Wink wonk, bitches) ((But also no motivation)) *Distant Sobbing*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Once again, as a request from Phil, Dream is babysitting the teens while the other adults go and do their...things. Dream isn't very interested in whatever they do, hence why he's stuck babysitting. The children were relatively quiet, which was suspicious, but he's getting work done so who cared? (He did. He just knows he won't like what will come out of this)

He just started typing up another paragraph when he sees a looming shadow over his computer. There are literally only two kids who even come close to his height so he immediately knew who it was. He turns around and as suspected, it's Ranboo.

"Do you need anything?" He winces a little. His voice is scratchy and sounds like he used it after three months

"Uh, Phil said to make sure you're not working too much, and it's nearly been 2 hours so..." He curses softly, of course, it's Phil who tells the kids this

He sighs.

“I haven’t been working for too long-”

“HEY BIG D! WE’RE HUNGRY CAN WE GO GET MCDONALDS?” Tommy bursts in and he sighs. Well, working was thrown out the window.

“Tommy it is 1 am, why are you awake and why are you hungry?” He glances at the clock, only just noticing the hour.

He has half a mind to give them money and tell them to go buy it themselves but decided against it. Who knew what trouble they might get in?

“Alright, alright. Give me five” He drawled, grabbing a hair tie and putting his hair into a loose ponytail.

He hears distant cheering, Tommy being the loudest, and softly smiles.

“Let’s go get your McDonalds and go home quickly. I’m a busy man, you know?” Dream says, walking in between his sister and Purpled.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever” Tommy snickers. That little shit.

“Dream, how are you not *dead* ?” He turned to Purpled, who was looking at his can in poorly hidden contempt. He smirked and shrugged his shoulders

“He’s just *built different* ” Tubbo nudges and winks in Purpled’s directions and is received by mock disgust painting his features.

They all share a good laugh and continue walking.

The fast-food place isn’t far and they arrive in a relatively short time. He lets them order and they all wait huddled in seats.

“Dream~~~” His sister drawls out, mischief taking over her face

“What?” He squints in mock suspicion. She smiles

“Can you go pick up our orders?” She bats her eyes and Tommy laughs. He rolls his eyes

“Fine” Dream stands up, taking the receipt to take to the counter. He can hear them laughing.

The place is empty, save for maybe two or three people and the workers. He walks up to the counter and freezes.

There, at the counter, stands Elijah. Elijah and he goes back a little, sometime between the end of high school and the start of college.

Elijah constantly hit on him over a duration of time and invaded his personal space, even going as far as touching him when he clearly expresses his discomfort. It was messy, and it ended with Elijah having a broken nose (It was actually from Bad, who when told of the situation, immediately stormed over to the smirking guy, and sucker-punched him in the face, wiping the smirk right off) and Dream filing a restraining order against the man.

When Elijah looked up, right into his eyes and smiled innocently, smugness dancing in his eyes, he knew he wouldn't like this.

He sighed and walked up to the counter.

“Hey Dream-” The man started but was abruptly cut off

“Stop. I have a restraining order against you, and I'll call the police if you try anything” He sighed, trying to not look into the other's eyes, shuffling on his feet.

“Oh but Dreamie~ I'm not doing anything~” He purred, trying to get Dream to look at him.

It was a tense game of tug of war, only ending when Dream's order was called, which he hurriedly picked up and sped walked over to the teens.

"Hey what took you so long?" They frowned at him when he waved away their concerns.

They let it pass with secretive glances thrown at it each other.

Dream was simply sipping on his can when Ranboo abruptly shoved a piece of paper into his face

"Dream, what's this?" He questioned, the rest staring at him

The paper had Elijah's name and a number on it, along with a little note at the bottom saying 'Why don't you think about lifting that restraining order, sweetheart? ;)'

He sighed. God, why does Elijah make things harder for him

"He was my old classmate, used to harass me and tried to woo me. Got annoying so I filed an order against him."

"WHAT?!" Tommy yelled, surprise evident on his face.

"Wait so, he like, hit on you and shit?" asked Drista, disbelief painting her features.

"Yeah, something like that"

"Did he ever try and...like, touch you?" Purpled wrung his hands together, wishing and praying that that wasn't what happened

He hummed

"Yeah. It's what warranted the order"

Silence fell over the table.

“...Let’s go home if we’re done eating” He didn’t like the uncomfortable silence much.

“Actually, Dream, can we go to the market? We can handle ourselves!” He looked over to Tubbo, who had latched onto his arm and asked him.

“I guess? Call me if anything happens. I’m putting Purpled in charge” He ignored the shouts of Tommy and Drista to him putting Purpled in charge.

Silence overtook as they watched Dream walk away to the house

“Elijah, right?” Ranboo asked, glancing at the McDonalds.

“Yeah. Let’s go fuck him up, guys” A menacing smile ghosted her face

“And then we’ll hand him over to the sims” Chuckled Tommy, a dark look in his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the support, super sorry about the unfulfilled requests!

overwhelmed

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

Sadist Wilbur seeing Dream cry by Mushy with a lil twist! - M1NI

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry it's so short, I'm on a little bit of a writers block *sobs*

I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was hard to keep up a facade in front of people who literally dealt with fake people over half their life, but it worked. Somehow, somehow. Maybe it was him just being super good at acting, but it's probably because he's just constantly tired and they don't see the brewing storms of emotions in his eyes.

It's stressful, really. Constantly having neck and back pain due to him being cramped in a dark room for over half the day, he also now has shitty eyesight.

Dream rubs at his eyes. It was a day where no one except him was in the mansion. A time for himself, a time that he lets the pent up stress that builds up over time

When he's alone he generally likes to cry. Loudly. Very loudly. You could hear his sobbing and sniffing from the bottom floor, which really says something.

He grabs another tissue, unaware of the door opening.

Wilbur was having a very good day. He got off work early, and his work was satisfactory. Before Dream was half-forced into the family, when he had gotten off early, he would visit one of the interrogation rooms, go have some fun or something, but now he wanted to go and see Dream.

He pauses when he opens the door, only to be greeted by muffled sobbing from upstairs.

“Dream?” He calls out and receives no answer, save for the crying.

He quietly walks up the stairs, the cries getting louder in volume as he approaches Dream’s room.

“Love?” He gently opens the door, and the sight makes him feel weird.

He’s a sadist, through and through, and if Dream wasn’t his lovely boyfriend, he would already have started making him cry more.

He kinda wants to see Dream cry more but decides to be a good boyfriend

Dream’s head shoots up and he hiccups, staring at him. He stares back, before Dream breaks eye contact, somehow flushing more.

Dream desperately rubs at his eyes and tries to stand up, only to stumble on his feet. Wilbur manages to catch him in time

“You okay?” He whispers in Dream’s ear, clutching the shaky body close to his chest.

Dream nods and silence overlaps before he shakes his head.

“Shhh, you can tell me” He coos, rubbing Dream’s back as he slowly guides him to the bed so they can cuddle.

He coughs a little before they fall into a comfortable silence as Wilbur pulls Dream to his lap and massages the knots on his shoulders.

“G-got stressed *hic* from college” Dream whispers, clutching his sweater ~~He has a little blood on it and he frowns. He’s sure he didn’t get any blood on him~~

“Your professor annoying you? Too much work? Peers annoying you?” He asks, brushing the golden locks with his fingers

Dream shakes his head

“Just...overwhelming” He nods.

“You should rest a little, baby” Dream frowns and he gently kisses the tear tracks on the beautiful face.

“I can’t though”

“Who said, hm?” He clutches Dream a little closer. A warning, to listen.

Normally, Dream would retaliate and they would lovingly bicker, but he’s too tired for that, so Dream merely blinks at him and nods, his eyes fluttering.

“Get some rest, sweetheart”

When he’s sure Dream’s fallen asleep, he texts Bad to tell him Dream will rest for a while. He gets a flurry of concerned messages from his boss and he snorts. What a Dad.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos, Comments and funny bookmarks appreciated!

the start of our story

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

origin chapter part 1! - MINI

Chapter Notes

ahhh sorry it's a lil short, I wanted to separate it into a couple parts!

this is the origin story, where dream is kidnapped!

hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a...bad day, to say the least. Dream had slept at 10, which was honestly such a rare thing to find from him, so he expected a good morning, and yet when he was woken up on a fine Saturday with his chest contracting, head pounding and tears pooling at his eyes, it was an understatement to say he was not very happy. This was exactly why he hated sleeping, they always came with nightmares and bad memories ~~He never wanted to think of the horrors he faced in his earlier years, ever again.~~ The sun wasn't up yet and he hasn't checked the time either. Before he gets up, he tries to calm himself, tries to stop breathing so harshly, pants loud and stuffy in his rundown apartment room, his hands shaking as the phantom pain of the arms grabbing him, hurting him, so tight he cantbreathehelpim-

He chokes on air and his chest contracts again. He's not sure how long it's been, and still doesn't know the time. Bad and Skeppy told him to call if he ever got a nightmare and needed someone to ground him, so he figured he should do that. Well, that was what he was going to do, until he saw the bright 1:47 AM on his phone, and decided that he didn't want to wake them up for something so trivial as recurring nightmares.

Dream decides to go on a quick job instead, clear his mind, maybe jump around a building or two. Instead of the usual green hoodie and black sweater pants, he decides to take a lighter clothing option instead, quickly throwing on a beige sweater and grey sweater pants. He grabs his beloved mask, his phone and earphones.

'Streetlights are really calming to look at' He thinks as The Nights by Avicii plays in his ears full volume. He doesn't catch the multiple pairs of eyes locking onto him ~~He should've noticed, but to~~

~~be fair, he's currently running on 3 hours of sleep and no red bull to keep him awake~~

He jogs to the park, to the closed streets that are usually filled with loud chatter and dozens of stores ready to take customers in. There are a couple of stores open, and he decides to buy a can of his favourite drink with the extra change lying around in his pockets.

He slowly sips on to the drink while slowing his steps down so he doesn't jostle the can and spill it everywhere. He bobs his head lightly, sometimes swaying his messy half-bun side to side as he looks at the scenery. Which isn't much considering it's you know, around 2 AM in the morning and all that accompanies him is his music and one or two people who pass him by quickly ~~And the people who've been following him since he left the house.~~

He coughs slightly as the adrenaline rush from his nightmare starts to die down and he can finally feel how *cold* it is. He slightly regrets only wearing a light sweater.

Dream yawns loudly as he throws his can into the nearby bin before feeling hands grab him and hold him down as someone brings a cloth over to his mouth and nose, where he breathes it in from the shock of the sudden ambush.

He can feel his consciousness slowly slipping out of his grasp as black spots clouds his vision. He drops his phone and his body feels heavy. All he sees is darkness.

“- Sure this is the dude? He's skinny as fuck, man”

“Yeah, the description fits him. Tall, dirty blonde”

“Wasn't the description also something along the lines of *buff*? He doesn't even look like he has any muscle. Not to mention we didn't get a good look at his eye colour”

“Pretty sure it was green”

He wakes up to the sound of people arguing, and he's so tempted to groan at the fogginess he feels and the small fuzzy feeling at the back of his head that grows larger by the second, but he pushes it

down. He doesn't open his eyes and tries to relax his body the best he can, despite the sinking feeling of an oncoming panic attack.

A man ~~His voice is soothing, but there's an underlying threatening edge to it~~ hums and grasps his bun ~~How the fuck is it still intact?~~ and slowly pulls it out, letting his messy hair free. He tries not to flinch as he feels the hands carding through his hair.

"I can tell you're awake, better open your eyes, pretty boy" The voice murmurs lowly in his ear.

He blinks his eyes open as he tries to get adjusted to the light. He finally gets a good look at his surroundings. He's bound to a chair, in the middle of a room with a single light hanging off the ceiling. He sees the silhouettes of multiple...weapons hanging from the walls ~~The fuzzy feeling is back, and now he recognises it's panic, as this brings back unwanted memories. He tries not to cry. He doesn't want to remember~~

There are seven men in the room with him, distinctive features in order go with goggles, bandana, beanie ~~the one who told him to wake up~~, pink hair, fox necklace, green jumper and white hoodie. Any thoughts of possible escape were thrown out the window, these men could overpower him easily ~~He sees the slight outline of muscle hidden under light clothing, and realises that these people kidnapped him, what's stopping them from killing him?~~

He feels the fuzzy feeling and low humming in his head turn into screeching and constant static in his ear as they all look at him

"That's not the dude, man!" Bandana yells, and he tries not to flinch as he feels a cough coming up from his chest

"Fuck, we got the wrong guy," Fox necklace says, his head in his hands

"Well he knows what we look like, so now what?" Pink hair drawls out, sitting in a seat near the door to the presumed basement

"Well, since he's seen our face, do we kill him?" He blanches at that. Oh, Lord.

"I think-" The goggles tries to talk before the door bursts open and a pretty woman and another man comes inside

“I got the meds-” The woman tries to announce before getting cut off

“Dream?!” He looks up, and he doesn’t recognise them.

“You know this guy, Eret?” Oh. Oh, it’s Eret. He’s not close to Eret, but he’s had a couple of small conversations whenever they pass by. Bad introduced them.

“Is he the, you know, guy?” Eret frowns, looking at him.

He’s still panicking and all the eyes aren’t helping oh god he can’t breathe where is Bad where is Skeppy help-

“-ey, Hey, Breathe in, yeah?” The woman is talking to him, but he can’t really hear what she’s saying except ‘breath’ and ‘hey’. So he tries to do that.

“Can I touch you?” He nods, albeit hesitantly. He shudders and sobs as he’s slowly lifted up ~~When was he untied?~~ and out of that stuffy room with those weapons.

He thinks he falls asleep, he’s not sure.

When he blinks his eyes open again, he’s staring at an actual *ceiling, thank the lord* . He's probably in a bed right now, judging by how comfortable he is.

Everything suddenly catches up to him. *He’s been kidnapped, Eret is involved, they tried to kill him.* Bad is going to be so worried, God.

...

FUCK, HIS ESSAY

He quickly jumps up, adrenaline suddenly kicking in when he gently slams the door open ~~Yes,~~

~~gently~~—and is greeted with the bandana and goggles staring at him in surprise. They all stare before he slowly retreats back into the room.

“Hey wait!-” The goggles shouts at him but he slams the door back before anything else could happen. He crouches on the floor, in front of the door

“George! Why would you do that?”

“I didn’t even do anything!?”

The voices stay in front of the door for a while before they slowly fade away. He still needs to do his essay.

He has two options.

1. He runs out and goes home to do his essay
2. He stays and does not do his essay

Option 1 was safer, but he really needs to do this essay. Or well, he has option 3, stay and ask if he can do his essay. He’s not doing that, no way.

He sighs and ducks his head.

He feels the door being knocked on and he’s slightly pushed to the front as it’s gently but firmly opened.

In place of the door stands the pinkette, surprise evident in his eyes as Dream dusts his pants off as he stands up.

Chapter End Notes

all the comments and bookmarks (especially the funny & relatable ones, yes it's a group of simps hidden as the mafia XD) and kudos are all seen and appreciated!!

clingy

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

after sex clingy dre (no smut, just cuddles and implied sexual content) and also a fusion of the request from Rin (With a small change, of course) - M1NI

Chapter Notes

Sorry if the implied shit makes anyone uncomfortable. Also, Dream can't stomach too much food in this chapter, it's not anything from like an ED, but just putting it out there.

Also, a legit thing I said:

M1NI: Is it still implied sexual content if the title name is after sex clinginess

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He woke up, groggy and sore ~~He had a rough night, and no, he won't go into detail.~~ He feels hands petting and braiding his hair.

“Nng?” He manages to groan out. His throat is sore as well.

“Hey babe, you okay?” He hears someone chuckle

He opens his eyes to Sam smiling softly at him.

“Samm” He whines out, hands reaching out for his boyfriend’s face.

Sam leans into the touch, stroking Dream’s hair

“Yeah, yeah, I know” He lifts himself off the bed and lifts Dream up. He grabs some sweatpants and gently clothes him.

Sam then easily lifts him up to his hip, letting Dream wrap his arms around his body. Dream is relatively embarrassed it only takes Sam a single arm to do this. Fuck you, body. He whines again when the light of the corridor hits his eyes and shoves his face back into Sam's neck. He hears Sam chuckle and can feel his ears burn.

"Where's 'Unz?" His voice is muffled by the hoodie, but he's sure Sam heard him.

"Said he needed to go do something, he'll be back soon, sweetheart" Sam carries him down the stairs and into the living room, which is bare of everyone except Fundy, who glances up and smiles.

"Hey Dream, are you leeching off people again?" He jokes and Dream sends a half-hearted glare at him

"Fuck you, furry" Fundy sputters in mock offence, only betrayed by the smile on his lips.

There was an unspoken rule in the house, you sleep with Dream, you carry him around and take care of him for the whole day. If you don't, well, Dream's scary when he's upset.

Sam carries him into the kitchen, letting him sit on the counter as he quickly cooks something up.

"Can't I just, drink a can and eat a sandwich?" He asks, leaning to the wall as Sam grabs some bacon from the fridge

"The day I let you stomach those abominations when you're with me is the day I die" He snorts, cracking an egg.

He whines again, letting Sam cook and he just dangles his legs off the counter ~~He's tall and yet his feet don't touch the floor. What the fuck~~

The food smells nice but he's not sure if he can stomach it. His diet used to only consist of instant food and Red Bull, and only small amounts of food at a time, too much food and his stomach hurt.

“Baby, you don’t have to eat it all, alright? Just a couple bites, yeah?” Sam places plates onto the counter and kisses his forehead

He nods, slightly tearing up from the gentle tone of the voice. He’s never going to get used to it.

He lets Sam fork some egg and bacon into his mouth, along with pieces of toast while he himself just eats it like a normal human being ~~He’s envious, but he knows this is the result of his unhealthy lifestyle.~~ Sam is one of the few cooks in the house ~~Or at least, one of the few who’s allowed in the kitchen~~ and Dream wants to eat more, but he can already feel his stomach contracting.

He shakes his head when Sam brings up the fork again and he coos at him, petting his head

“You ate so much today baby, I’m proud of you” He smiles, lifting him off the counter after putting the dishes away.

Dream hums into his neck, mumbling a thank you.

“Baby, I need to go and Punz will be back in 10 minutes, can you stay with the furry for a little bit?” Sam whispers into his ear and he frowns. He doesn’t want Sam to leave but he knows he shouldn’t disturb his work so he nods after some time.

Sam carries him back to the living room, where Fundy is still at and gently drops him into his lap. When Fundy looks up in confusion he says to keep him company for 10 minutes and Fundy nods.

Dream lays his head into Fundy’s lap, letting his hair be pet as he doses off.

When he comes back, he’s back into a dim room, seated on someone’s lap, his head in the direction of the window.

“Unz?” He mumbles, blinking his eyes and lifting his head

“Hey baby” He receives a quick kiss to the lips and Punz is back to concentrating on his game. Some people might think Dream might get upset at Punz focusing on the game and not him, but he’s perfectly fine with this. They’ve done this countless times, and he knows this is just how Punz

likes to do things.

“Let me just finish this round, yeah? And then we can go cuddle” He nods and drops his head back down to Punz’s neck.

The sounds of Punz furiously typing ~~Typing? Or whatever~~ at his keyboard is comforting and he lets himself close his eyes and feel Punz’s steady heartbeat. He falls asleep again.

When he wakes up again ~~For the third time that day~~ he’s in a bed and his head is resting on top of a chest, the rise and fall of it being comforting.

“You awake, babe?” He lifts his head up and Punz is staring at him with love in his eyes

“Y- *cough*” His throat is dry and he’s sent to a coughing fit, and he’s lifted into a sitting position, feeling something at his lips, he opens his mouth and lukewarm water comes flowing down his throat and Dream greedily drinks it all. When he manages to drink the whole bottle in steady sips, he’s fed a couple of berries.

“Were you thirsty?” Punz asks, gently dragging Dream back into his lap

Dream hums and nods a yes.

“Are you gonna sleep again, Sleeping Beauty? You’ve probably slept more than George today” He can hear the smug tone of his voice and he rolls his eyes, slapping Punz on the shoulder lightly, receiving a hearty chuckle.

“Maybe” Dream smiles and Punz coos at him.

“Alright, under the sheets you go,” He says, gently pushing Dream down

“No, under the sheets *we* go,” Dream says, smirking as he hooks his arms around Punz’s neck and drags him down.

They share a laugh, getting comfortable.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it! Comments, Kudos and Bookmarks make my day so much, you don't understand

our mistakes, are they redeemable?

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

origin part 2! - M1NI

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's short, I didn't know how to continue!

Also you guys have been blessed! (Cough, cursed) A new chapter in just a day! (I hope its good)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They stare at each other before Dream breaks eye contact and looks to the ceiling. The man coughs, trying to grab his attention and Dream briefly glances at him.

“Right, so Dream, was it?-" The man tries to talk before Dream cuts him off

“Yeah and Dream is a college student who needs to do his essay and will request a laptop so he can fucking do it” The words are out of his mouth before he can stop them.

They both stare at each other, disbelief in the man’s eyes and regret in his. Fuck.

“Uh, what I was meant to say is, please don’t...hurt....me...?” He chuckles, awkwardly rubbing his neck.

The man glares at him, huffing.

“Fine, follow me.” What.

He dutifully ~~But nervously~~ follows the taller, intimidating man outside and is met by another taller,

intimidating man ~~This was Green jumper, looking closely, he also has green hair.~~

“Where are you taking him?” Green Jumper asks Pink hair, folding his arms in front of his chest.

“Tech Room”

“Why?”

“Ask him, not me” What the fuck, man.

They both stare at him, waiting for him to speak.

“...Essay, I need to do it...please,” He says, slightly squirming under their gazes.

“Essay?” Green Jumper asks, unfolding his arms and putting one on his hip, eyebrow raised.

“Sir I am a college student who needs the fucking grade for this specific essay to pass the semester, it’s worth like half my grade, and I can’t do it because oh I don’t know, I got fucking kidnapped?!” He blurts out, suddenly upset at their obliviousness.

They both look at him in surprise and he mentally groans. Great going, Genius.

“...Right, well, Techno, Boss is calling. I’ll get Dream to the computer” The pink-haired one, who seems to be 'Techno', nods and walks off.

“Uh, I’m Sam, by the way. We can’t tell you much but I’m pretty sure you heard some anyways. You weren’t the target we were looking for, but we need to uhh...” Sam drawls out, awkwardly rubbing his neck.

“Keep me here for a bit? I don’t care, I just need my essay done and some fucking Red Bull. Think of it as compensation for the kidnapping” Dream huffs, and slaps himself mentally, again. These people kidnapped him and went as far as mentioning murder, and they could easily snap his neck right here, right now.

“Right, Red Bull, did you say?” He’s surprised Sam isn’t angry at him, but it’s good for him so who is Dream to complain.

“Yeah, I kinda live off that.” They fall into a comfortable silence as Sam guides him down confusing corridors and multiple same looking doors.

They finally reach another door when Sam knocks on it and gently pushes it open.

In the room, there are several computers and two other men. What the fuck, he asked for a computer not more people.

“Hey, Dream, if it’s an essay, why are you so...pressed over it? I’m not trying to say anything I just-” Sam asks him, walking into the room as the other men stare.

“Well I have to write an essay, as well as finish my thesis which is supposed to be 80 pages long, and I’ve only done 50. If you ask why I might cry, so please don’t” He says, trying not to squirm with all the looks they’re giving him. What can he say, procrastination is a bitch, but so is Karma. He wonders if this is his karma for not doing his thesis when it’s due in like a week.

“I’m leaving Dream with you two, you know what to do,” Sam tells them, smiles at him and leaves. WHAT THE FUCK MAN?

He slowly walks over to the farthest computer from the men and sits down. He mentally sighs when he feels two presences next to him

“So, Dream, I’m Fundy-” The fox necklace says, getting interrupted by White hoodie

“He’s a furry,” He says, cackling when Fundy shoves him

“What the fuck man!”

“I’m Punz, by the way,” Dream lets them do their thing as he brings up his docs. He doesn’t want

to get involved with any of them, or what they do. ~~It brings up unwanted memories~~

He starts typing up his essay, and only when he's on the last sentence does he realise time has passed and he has once again blocked off the world around him. He looks up and around, and sees that no it's not Fundy and Punz anymore, it's the tall guy with the beanie. They lock eyes and he immediately looks back down at his essay and skims over it. He's not dealing with that guy, he scares him.

"Hey cutie" Fuck him sideways with a chainsaw, won't you?

"Uh...Yeah?" He looks up and sees the man with a can in his hand

"This is for you, babe" Does this guy just flirt with anyone? "I'm Wilbur, by the way"

Wilbur hums and leaves after putting down the drink

He nods and gladly drinks down the can. He needs the energy to function right now. He finishes his essay up and cracks his neck, glancing at the clock. It has been around half an hour to 40 minutes since he's started. The clock blares red, reading 2:47 PM.

He takes a big sip from his drink again, standing up to stretch his legs out and relieve some of the tension. When he feels lighter, he sits back down and opens the doc for his thesis, as well as his notes for the semester.

He sighs, thinking about the 50 pages he needs to do on his thesis, unaware of the door creaking open.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, Kudos and Bookmarks appreciated!

alcohol can make you quite loose lipped

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

Dream's back story part 1 :) - M1NI

Chapter Notes

I'm so thankful to everyone who's given me and the book and our other authors' compliments, they really make our day.

Also, I'm so sorry for the other chapters in between the origin story : 'c

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was the second Saturday of the month, meaning the day where all the adults get shit-faced and the children go and cause chaos. The teenagers were already at the nearest store, being dumb and doing crime.

Everyone in the mafia, well, at least the adults, were currently surrounded by bottles and bottles of varying alcoholic drinks, from straight-up vodka to wine to even simple beer. Even Dream, who would glare disgustingly at any type of alcoholic drink, was drunk.

“Dream, man, you only had like what, 3 cans of beer? And you’re already- *hic*- drunk” Quackity cackles, taking a sip from his can.

Quackity was unexpectedly, very good with his alcohol. He’s already had a couple of cans on top of a couple of tequila shots and a glass or two of vodka, and he’s only slightly tipsy. It was easy to say Quackity handled his alcohol best.

“Lord, give me patience so I don’t sucker punch your dick” He slurs, leaning into Fundy who has a glass of Spritz, maneuvering it so Dream doesn’t knock it over.

They all laugh at Dream’s threat while Quackity shows mock offence, hand on his heart as he

leans on top of Karl, earning a slap to the shoulder.

He groans softly as he's shifted into someone's lap so that his head is in their lap and his legs are in another's. He opens his eyes to George smiling softly at him and he gives a loopy one back.

"I swear, they think I'm joking when I say I'm gonna run over them with a motorbike" He hears his dad dramatically whispering to someone. He looks towards them and Dream sees Schlatt with a simple can in his hand and dramatically whispering to Phil and glaring at George and he huffs out a laugh. Phil also heartily chuckles, but there's a glint in his eyes and he knows that no matter what, they would be on his side.

"You know, we never talked about how George and Sapnap have this like, *connection* with Dream," Wilbur says, sipping on his tequila.

"Suddenly?" His mum says, putting her glass of wine on the coffee table

"I mean, I always wanted to ask, but never got the time. Get what I'm saying?" He says, making vague hand motions.

"Yeah, we get it, genius. And they say you're good with words" Techno drawls, stage-whispering the last part and Wilbur glares in mock-anger.

Dream hums and looks over to the other two in question. George isn't looking at him anymore and instead is downing a shot of tequila and Sapnap is with Punz who were both holding a glass of whiskey and staring weirdly at Sam, who's on his third cup of vodka.

He then looks over to all the individuals in the room.

Bad, who's clutching a cup of beer and cuddling with Skeppy, who's trying to balance a cup full of margarita as Bad tries to get him to stop.

Techno who's lightly arguing with Wilbur, a glass of wine gracefully in his hand. Wilbur, who's abandoned his Tequila and instead had gone for a Martini.

Phil, who he at first expected to not drink at all, had a Mojito in front of him, on the coffee table as he goes on his phone and secretly snaps a picture of the room. He poses, and when Phil looks at the picture and chuckles at him, he smiles.

Puffy and Schlatt, his mum and dad (Who are *not* married but still are good friends) play a game of Uno as their drinks also lay abandoned on the table.

Sam, who's in a conversation with Illumina, sipping on his fourth cup of vodka, and Illumina, who's their bartender for the night, has his own cup of vodka left on the side as he works on another drink. Sam glances at him and tells Illumina something, who also looks at him and waves slightly. Dream returns a smile. (Sam no doubt told Illumina to put aside some lemon water for him)

Punz and Sapnap, who are staring at Sam weirdly as Punz yells out for a Negroni, receiving an eye-roll in return and they snicker. Illumina also tells them to wait as he's making a drink for Eret right now, and Punz gives him a thumbs-up as he goes back into conversation with Sapnap.

Eret and Niki, who were at the couch before, had integrated over to Karl and Quackity. Niki holds a Margarita in her hands as she giggles at something Quackity said. Eret is called over to Illumina and she saunters over to the kitchen, giving Illumina a smile and taking their drink. Karl and Quackity have resulted in wrestling as their drinks lay forgotten on the floor.

He looks up to George and Fundy, who is lightly arguing about whatever and he smiles and leans into George's hands as they lightly lay on his cheek. Fundy had finished his Spritz and was now holding a glass of wine.

He hears the front door creak open and all conversation ceases as the teenagers come into the house slowly, mischievous grins on their faces.

"Alright, what did you children do this time?" Eret asks, chuckling as he puts his glass down from their lips.

"Terrorized our favourite worker again" Purpled cackles as he takes off his coat and drapes it on the coat rack.

"He looked so angry" Drista laughs as she takes off her boots, stepping on Tommy in the process. They get into a semi-shouting match, ignored by all of them.

“He tried to kick us out and called the manager, but Tubbo managed to convince her that *no* , we were in fact not semi-torturing the poor man,” Ranboo says, sitting on one of the many empty couches as Tubbo plops down next to him, smiling proudly.

They laugh and the teenagers receive praises and more ideas as they settle into the drunk adults.

He hums again. When he opens his mouth, all conversation once again ceases even with his small voice.

“Remember when you guys found me cuddling with Sapnap and George? The time where I broke a window along and sprained my ankle” He says, sitting up with the help of George who pushes his back.

Dream receives some hums of affirmations and some verbal affirmation.

“That day, I opened up a bit about my...past” Puffy, Schlatt and Drista sends him concerned and worried looks, as they, as his family, knew what happened.

“Nothing much, just a bit” He confirms, and they relax slightly. What happened in his past was territory only he and he himself was allowed to step into.

There was a tense silence in the air, only broken by Techno coughing for their attention.

“That’s not it, is it?” He hums, not denying nor confirming that statement, as he sips on his can of beer.

“I think maybe, it’s time you guys find out. Since, I’m stuck here with you all” He chuckles, anxiety starting to seep in his bones. Fundy gives him a hug and whispers a small ‘you don’t have to’ when he realises.

He inhales.

He exhales.

“Let’s start with what happened on that day. The day when I sprained my ankle and broke a window”

Chapter End Notes

Kudos, Comments and Bookmarks appreciated!

I'M SO SORRY FOR THE CLIFFHANGER

BUT AT THE SAME TIME

I FEED ON YOUR TEARS :)

Protective (Dreambur)

Chapter Summary

Hi! I'm Beans. You'll see me here and there. I hope you like this chapter :D

Tw: Knives, bullying, use of chemicals, violence.

Dream walks through the crowded hallways. He carefully dodges the people around him as he navigates through the mass. He takes a sharp turn, bumping into someone's shoulder. He manages to keep his balance when he feels his backpack getting harshly pulled backwards. And if you know physics, he falls over. Dream looks up to see two boys, both with the chad body type. One had blonde hair and brown eyes while the other had deep cyan hair and bright blue eyes. 'Ah shit,' Dream thought as he got back onto his feet only to be slammed into the wall that was behind him.

"Hello there Dream-bitch," The one with blonde hair growled out. Dream internally sighed.

"Hello Noah. What do you want?" Dream saw both the boys smile, but he didn't change his blank expression.

"You know fully well Dreamie," James, the one with cyan hair said, cracking his knuckles. "Since you're a teacher's pet and all, you won't get in too much trouble being, I don't know, 5 minutes late to class will you?" Dream blankly looked at them

"I would. I have homework and three Red Bulls and 5 Monsters to down, let me go," The two boys just laughed.

"Well look! The snarky little teacher's pet has some attitude! Looks like we need to put him in place ey?" James nodded at Noah's words. Dream sighed and braced himself as a fist hit his torso.

"Who did this Dream," Dream looked up from his computer to see an irritated Wilbur staring at a bruise that was staining his skin.

"It's nothing. I fell," Dream internally face palmed at the statement. He knew fully well that Wilbur knew the difference between a bruise from a fall and one from a punch.

"Uh huh. Yeah, like I'm supposed to believe that you managed to fall on a perfectly placed fist shaped bruise that manages to hit only your pectoralis major," Dream pretended not to hear what Wilbur was saying. "Dream, c'mon. Tell me who did it! I swear I won't hurt them that bad!" Dream sighed.

"You and I both know that that's a lie Wil. Look, it's not that bad and I can handle it. If it gets worse, I'll tell you and you can kick their asses. It's fine Wil," Wilbur pouts, "Your puppy dog eyes don't work on me Wil. It hasn't for months," Wilbur deflates.

"Fine. Just lemme know immediately the second they hurt you again, alright?" Dream nodded as Wilbur planted a small kiss on his head. "Bye! I love you Dream!" Wilbur waited a bit to hear his beloved say I love you back and walked away... on over to George's room.

“Bitch!” Wilbur yelled as he entered the hacker’s room, causing said man to jump, startled at the loud noise.

“Ughhhh what is it Wilburrrrr,” George dragged out the taller man’s name.

“I need you to pull up a certain recording that is in Dream’s school,” George perked up at the mention of the blonde.

“Did something happen at his school?” George walked to his computer.

“There are a few bullies, should I say, that are harrasing Dream,” George’s eyes widened as he started to type on his computer. “I need an appointment with them,”

Wilbur hopped around the town rooftops, trying to locate where the two boys that harassed Dream were. He scanned the streets that were below him, his careful eyes looking at every person to see if they matched the description that George had given him. His eyes landed on two people that were quite loud, cyan hair, blonde hair. Gotem. Wilbur waited for the boys to be separated from the public, making sure that he didn’t lose sight of them. The two walked into an alleyway. Absolutely perfect. Wilbur jumped down from his perch into the entrance of the alleyway.

“Hello,” Wilbur spoke. His silky smooth voice catching the attention of the two boys.

“Who are you?” The cyan boy spoke, sounding slightly panicked. Wilbur chuckled, this was going to be too easy.

“No one important. But that’s not why I’m here,” Wilbur pulled out a knife. It was about 6 long. He watched the boys cower backwards. He smiled. They only see a knife but they didn’t know that there was a small tube in the knife that was in the knife that could be used to store certain chemicals. Currently there was a chemical that was used to make the wound that the knife caused to burn like fire. “You hurt someone that’s important to me. And I am very protective of my acquaintances. You know the drill; bother him, you get this into your body,” He twirled the knife in their general direction. “I would be careful if I were you,” Wilbur threw a smoke bomb at his feet and walked away as the boys tried to search for him. Wilbur knew that there was small chance that they would actually go after Dream, but they weren’t that dumb... right?

Dream’s breathing picks up as he runs faster into the crowd of people. The bullies are back, and they have a new look in their eyes. One of spite and hatred. Dream runs out of the school, it luckily being the ending of school he ran to the streets, getting farther away from the bullies. Internally fistpumping as he found a huge crowd of people to hide in. He slowed his run down into a walk as he tried to blend into the crowd, but was caught off guard by a tug on his hoodie. He starts to choke as he’s hoodie collar pushes against his neck. He finally ends up on his ass in an abandoned alleyway, Noah and James standing above him.

“Dream,” Noah steps closer to Dream, time seeming to slow down and quicken at the same time. Dream knew that Noah was wearing the steel toed shoes, the design strikingly familiar to the ones that Techno wears (except those weren’t used against him). Dream reached into his back pocket. Trying to find the knife that Wilbur has kindly gifted him. The one that was specially designed for him, for only him to use... it was gone. Dream panicked and looked around for the knife. Dream watched in fear as he saw two bodies blocking him from the knife that fell out of his pocket. Dream gets up and backs away from Noah, who reaches into his pocket.

“Your boy toy earlier threatened us yesterday. You know?” Dream swore under his breath, he fucking told Wilbur not to threaten the boys. “You know, he didn’t seem that scary actually. He thought that having a small little knife was enough to keep us away from you. Well, I have something to tell him,” Noah pulls out a small pocket knife. It looks about 4 inches long and has a pretty good handle grip on it so he can’t knock it out of his hand easily. “And I’ll send him a massage alright,” Noah started to charge at Dream, successfully scratching his face with the blade, “I’ll send it through you!” Noah slashed downwards with the knife, cutting Dream’s hoodie. Dream tried to back out of the alleyway but was pushed back in by James, who was watching the whole spiel go down. Dream was pushed back into the knife area of Noah, who cut at least an inch deep into his arm. Dream kept doging, waiting for anyone to see what was going on. “And I’ll show that asshole,” Dream was shoved to the ground by Noah, who smirked, “His dirty little crime boy tricks won’t work on me,” Noah aimed for Dream’s shoulder, wanting to see blood from Dream, but the knife was deflected by another smaller throwing knife.

“Sorry I’m late,” Dream sat up and quickly got to his feet. There was Wilbur, in all his fancy ass glory. Wilbur grinned maniacally

“You two fucked up,”

Wilbur charged at Noah, who looked a bit shocked at the arrival of Wilbur. Their knives clashed and twirled, but even from a distance, it was a bit obvious who had more experience. Noah desperately tried to block all of the knifeman’s attack but all was futile. Wilbur cut Noah’s hand, causing the boy to scream in pain. Wilbur knocked the boy to the ground and placed his knife near the Achilles tendon. James tried to get to Noah but Wilbur expertly threw a knife at James’ arm, causing a small cut onto his arm. The wound burned like fire, but Wilbur knew that it would hurt more than a normal knife cut. After all, he helped with the chemical.

“I wouldn’t move if I were you,” James stopped dead in his tracks. “I told you this once and I’ll tell you knuckle heads again,” Wilbur’s eyes gleamed with insanity and pure unfiltered rage and anger, “Don’t mess with my beloved. Or, something much, much, worse will happen you the two of you,” Noah squirmed under Wilbur’s body, trying to get the knife farther away from his leg to no avail, “Listen to my words and remember then clearly, my words aren’t threats, they are promises.” with that Wilbur let the two boys run off into the crowd. Sighing, Wilbur put an arm around Dream, helping the college student up.

“Hello Dreamie. Are you alright?” Dream groaned. Wilbur put Dream on his back and carried him like a sober friend carrying a drunk student. “C’mon let’s get you home,” Dream drowsy nodded as the two of them went their path to their home.

Bonus:

“Wil, how the hell did you know that I was in danger?”

“Uhhhh lucky guess?”

well, this is quite the news

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

origin part 3? I think xd - M1NI

Also please read the end notes, thank you!

Chapter Notes

Sorry I didn't write for the book for a while, writers block hit me /hard/.

Hope you enjoy the chapter, comments, kudos and bookmarks appreciated!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The doors slowly creak open as he opens the doc, unaware of the men sneaking up to him.

A hand lightly flops onto his shoulder and he swivels around, a curse on his tongue.

The bandana guy and goggles stare in fear as he lets out a string of curses as he tries to calm himself down.

He breathes in, and breathes out, before going back to his usual blank face.

“What? I’m busy” He gestures to the doc, only a couple sentences on the page.

“Right, sorry. We just kinda wanted to check in on you. It’s been around 4 hours since you’ve been in here and you haven’t really...done much other than writing” Goggles says, rubbing his neck as bandana nods next to him.

‘Has it really been that long?’ He wonders

“Uh, I’m fine.” Dream says, just wanting to go back to his thesis.

“I mean if you say so...” They look properly unconvinced. “Right, also, my name is Sapnap and this is George”

He nods and waves them off.

He’s once again invested in writing until he hears a *very* familiar yell.

“You Muffinheads! HE WAS LITERALLY ON THE NO TOUCHING LIST!” What...?

He’s in shock. His Childhood best friend, the one who seemed too kind, too pure for the world was involved in...this?

His typing stopped as he stared at the door in shock. Dream feels the thudding of steps as the door swings open and a very pissed looking Bad runs in. His face contorts into concern and worry when he catches sight of Dream.

He runs up to Dream and incases him into a hug and then looks over him, as Dream is still shocked and too dazed to process anything.

“Are you okay? Injured anywhere?” He shakes his head, still shocked as he spots Skeppy coming in because *of course Bad’s fiance who is also his best friend is here* .

“Okay Bad, lay off Dream you’re suffocating him” Skeppy laughs, walking up leisurely to them.

“You all, leave the room” Bad’s voice is nearly unrecognizable as he orders the group of men gathered in the room to leave, and to his surprise, they do without a single noise of complaint.

“...Bad? ‘Geppy?” He manages to muster up the energy to speak, the past hours finally catching up to him.

“Hey, Dreamie, you okay?” Skeppy asks, gingerly placing his hand on Dream’s shoulder.

He manages a short nod and they both relax significantly.

“We should talk about this,” Bad says, and he nods along.

“Do you wanna do it here or somewhere else?” He asks.

“I-I think I’m fine with here” Bad nods and grabs a spare chair, motioning Skeppy to do the same.

Silence took over them before Bad opened his mouth.

“Uh, to put it simply, I’m a Mafia Leader” What.

“I’m his right-hand man, and those men are like, section? Whatever you wanna call them, leaders. They work under Bad” *What* .

“And those Muffinheads were looking for a man that has your description, but they mistook you for them” He could tell. He wasn’t sure what to say.

“...Did you get him?” That was the only thing he could say.

Yes, Bad is his best friend, and so is Skeppy, they’re both his best friends and childhood friends, but the revelation that they’re *criminals* put him on an edge. I mean, yes, he didn’t tell them about... *those times* but it still felt like a small betrayal.

“We haven’t, yet. They’re really sorry about it, by the way,” Bad winces when he makes a face at him.

“Yeah well, fucking hell-” “Language!” “-they better be. I’m trying to finish my thesis, you know?”

“Same dude, same” Skeppy at least looks the littlest bit of guilty as Bad stares at him, aghast.

“Geppy! You said you were nearly done!”

“Yeah well, as you can see, I lied”

“GEPPY!”

“I’m Sorry!”

“Right, sorry to interrupt but uh, when can I leave?” He asks, and Bad winces again.

“...I can’t leave yet, can’t I?” He asks, slumping.

“Sorry, Dream, but there are... *rats* still lurking around the place, and they’re trying to fish them all out but some remain. If they spot you leaving, you’ll be first on their hit list” He sighs. He figured that’s what’ll happen.

“As long as I’m not bothered and able to finish it, I guess I’m fine,” He says, gesturing to his half-finished thesis.

“Well, uh, you’ll be staying here for a bit. Who have you met so far?” He asks and Dream lists all those who’ve officially introduced themselves to him.

“So you’ve yet to meet Phil, Niki, Eret- officially-, Quackity, Karl, and the children” He’s slightly shocked, children?!

“Not actual children, of course, we just call them that.” He relaxes.

“And also, uh, *yourfamilymayormaynotbeinvolvedaswell.*” Excuse me?

“What.” He feels betrayal seep deep into his bones. His dad, and mum, not to mention his *younger sister*? Involved with the...mafia?! I mean yes, he did know that Schlatt and Puffy used to be in a

gang, but he was told they left?

He voices his suspicions

“They *did* leave the gang, but the thing is they kinda, uh, *joined us?* ” Skeppy says, not looking at his eyes.

“And my sister?” Dream asks

“She’s one of the children” Oh.

“I- Can- Let me just- Wait I’m gonna just process this real quick” He stutters out, all this information suddenly dawning on him.

“Take your time!” Bad gently places a hand on his shoulder, steadying him.

“Uh, so let me get this straight, you’re in the mafia, not to mention the leader, and so is my family except me?”

“Mhmm”

“...Huh”

“Do you...wanna meet the others?” Skeppy asks tentatively.

“I- I need to finish the thesis” Bad frowns.

“No, get some rest. Let’s go meet them” Normally he would argue, but he was a little in shock right now, so he follows with no complaint.

They leave the dim room and he’s dragged by a couple of hallways until he arrives at what’s the

assumed living room, two men on the couch. One has a dark blue beanie and the other has a peculiar hoodie.

“Karl, Quackity, this is Dream!” Bad introduces them as they both stand up quickly when they spot him.

“Hey man, I’m Quackity” Huh. Dream figures he likes the guy.

“I’m Karl, nice to meet ‘ya” Dream nods.

“Dream, pleasure” He’s a little stiff and Skeppy laughs at him and gets elbowed lightly by Bad.

Chapter End Notes

First of all, on behalf of all the authors, I'd like to thank our readers! We've hit 10k hits just around a week ago but never got the time to mention it, so I'll do it now! We've also hit 100 bookmarks, 200 comments and nearly 900 kudos! So once again, thank you!

A personal message from me: Honestly this AU started off as a simple drabble I made up sleep-deprived on discord, and I wrote the book for fun and asked others to join, I did not think never in a million years that it would get this much attention, but I'm so happy for myself along with the authors who work so hard for the book!

Second, we were wondering one day, maybe, if you guys would like a discord server? Maybe when we hit a goal, I don't know what the goal is nor if we actually would have a server, but I want your opinions on it.

Edit: We've decided we will make a discord server at the following goals: 15k+ Hits, 250 comments and 1k Kudos. Let's see if we can reach this before the next chapter :)

Coddling me won't do me any good - 1/?

Chapter Notes

- Request by Anonymous, Written by Blair_404/Rene

This will be split up into two parts potentially three depending on how far my brain brings me into this idea :D First time posting in this one-shot book so yeah... Also, the Notes, in the end, are kinda important so! Read em!

Also the Comfy Cartel will not be entirely canonical to the Comfy Cartel Twitter series since the series isn't fully developed and out yet, so it will be a bit OOC since some key character knowledge is missing on Comfy Cartel!Sykkuno, Comfy Cartel!Corpse and a few others :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So, this is him right our target?" Corpse looked at the photo pulled up by Pokimane who tapped her foot rhythmically as he stared over the target, "A College student for what reason?" He cracked his knuckles as beside him Sykkuno seemed to narrow his eyes slightly.

"He's connected to a local mafia, the SMP Mafia, they aren't very large in overall size but they are connected to several smaller groups, and their inner circle is quite specialized and skilled so they could become trouble in the future and despite Dream's college student status, he is skilled with computers, parkour and from what I hear very protected." Poki sighed, seemingly remembering one more bit of information she seemed hesitant about.

"Oh Also, his childhood best friend is the Boss, and his whole family has been involved for many years."

Yeah, that wasn't good at all, since the Boss would have personal stakes, and the inner circle seemed fond, killing Dream wouldn't do them any good. "So what do we do about him?" Sykkuno asked tapping his fingers slightly as he mentally went over what he could do to Dream without inciting the anger of a whole other Mafia family.

"Well, it seems that we might not have to do much to get him alone since I've had some grunts keep eyes out on him and he seems snappish, as well as the SMP Mafia seems to try and keep him in the dark about most things." Pokimane smiled, "They'll push him away and that's where we'll step in and see if we can get him out of that," she sighed softly, "There's no guarantee of success but if keeping him away from conveniently being able to find things out about us and taking another asset away is the best we can do without negatively affecting ourselves."

So- "We'll have to sort of begin befriending him?" Sykkuno tilted his head in question gaining a nod from Poki, "Yeah, or somewhat akin to becoming a trustworthy acquaintance, that's why I think Sykkuno should be the one getting to know him, sorry Corpse." She tacked on as a meaningless platitude.

"No, it makes the most sense for Sykkuno to befriend this Dream person, is there any information that we should know on the side that could help us with this?" Corpse queried as they turned to begin their goal.

"Other than he's addicted to Red bulls? No nothing that will help you."

On days like these Dream wishes for nothing but to be able to lay and let the world spin without him interacting with it, without having to look into the faces of people who lied to him for years, who he trusted, and who was his family who participated in horrifying business to his best friend who still even after they fucked up a bunch of things in his life, decide to keep him in the dark.

And it might be unfair to blame it on them, but today he is tired and wasted on sleep deprivation and Redbull withdrawal so he can't bring himself to regret his admittedly true but exaggerated thoughts.

He wants to slam the door on anyone who tries to come into the dark and peacefully sad space he created for himself, he wanted to spit truths and facts in their face to make them understand his view instead of allowing their calloused and blood-stained hands to hold him close and shush his worries.

As much as Dream wants to be— as much as he *pretends* to be all okay and carefree with his sudden involvement-but-not into the organization he recognizes that nothing the people around him do will be tainted by past horrid actions and some days when his brain decides to process this he can't help but flinch away from gently hands as capable as hurting others as they are caring for him.

It's overwhelming, all of it and he doesn't think it'll ever stop be overwhelming for him, and maybe that's the reason he's been so clueless to this huge part of his family's lives, his best friends life, is because they looked at him and saw someone soft and not made for the harsh and morally ambiguous lifestyle. It hurts because it's true and he doesn't know how to process his understanding of it yet, so he'll shove it to the back of his mind until it surfaces in an explosion of emotion one day as everything will.

-

Dream yawns as his door thuds with the force of a steady and strong knock, Sappnap's voice filled with fire and ambition echoes through his ear in a way that should make him warm and excited, but instead of pleasant warmth, it's like there's a forest fire in his head so he groans out an excuse of waiting a few minutes so Sappnap leaves.

And now there is no choice but for him to face the world with his unstable temper and lid on his uprising urge to shove everyone away, so he gets up slipping on his own clothes and forgoing borrowing and using anyone else's clothing because he cannot think so bitterly of them and use their clothes as comfort simultaneously.

He yawns heading over to the Fridge with quiet footsteps, with the focus to not get noticed so he can actually drink down some RedBull to function today, or maybe fake sickness so he can get out of interacting with anyone but Niki and maybe Mum or Sam.

"Dream!" Fundy calls cheerfully, obviously in a good mood unlike the glowering Blonde who he called out to, but Dream covered up his dark expression with a strained smile as he is dragged away from the Fridge and into a conversation and social interaction with the last group of people he wanted to see at least until he got a RedBull or Energy drinks into his system.

"So we have some... business to take care of," Wilbur says elusively with his familiar Sadistic smile, mind clearly considering and constructing a plan on the amount of destruction he could get away with doing whatever they were doing, Dream felt his mood sour even more as they spoke so openly about these things in front of him and didn't bother to do anything but keep him in the dark as if he was a nuisance of a child.

"Is it *them* again?" Niki sighed with fond yet worried exasperated undertone threaded throughout her words, another part in his friends and family's life he wasn't privy to know about because really sometimes he felt like an accessory, a burden they needed to take around and protect because it held valuable but ultimately disposable things.

Dream tuned them out as they tried to discuss plans with him there, but honestly today he could care less about what they did because in the end it never really mattered to him due to their insistence on coddling him even as they welcomed him into their lives, he always felt out of touch and reach in a way he didn't have to feel before and he wonders if he walked away from that place, if he was never mistaken for the wrong person maybe things wouldn't be like this.

"Dream? Did you hear us?" George teased his drifting and Dream felt the tight lid he sealed on his

emotions loosen, "You should leave so you don't have anything to worry about when it comes to potential danger-" The colorblind man continued before being cut off by Dream abruptly standing up with an expression they had never seen on him before, full of loathing for himself and for the people in the room, bitterness, and something else they couldn't begin to understand yet.

"Shut up." Dream hissed tightly with clenched fists, the pure *exhaustion* emanating off of Dream was worrying and Sam got up quickly to assist and *coddle* Dream again-

A Loud smack echoed through the room as Sam's hand was knocked away from touching Dream at all, Sam looked as if his heart was glass and it fell to the floor shattering into a million little pieces, and everyone else looked like he killed their cat. Which *good* Dream thought vindictively no doubt he would regret this train of thought later but...

"You guys are the reason I'm even *in* danger at all, my own family couldn't even bother to tell me they were involved in this stuff, even my *little sister* knew about it and I was expected to be okay with it after I found out and you *still* insist on keeping me in the dark as if that will help me!" Dream growled with all the anger in his veins that boiled his blood and kept him up at night when the invading thoughts made his mind their home.

"Dream-" Puffy paused turning to Schlatt who looked regretful but determined to make Dream see their side as if it would change anything, "Dream, we did it to protect *you* because we care about you and didn't want you to be involved in such a morally challenging j-" Dream couldn't help but bark out a laugh of disbelief at the notion it was *protecting* him, "Protecting me? Tell that to *Drista* who has apparently more maturity than me to know and *participate* in this for who knows how long!"

The others looked vaguely uncomfortable as Puffy's expression closed off, and usually, Dream would apologize because most of the time he was wrong but here he knew he wasn't, "You're too sensitive Dream." Dream paused, he had heard what he wanted to hear. It's what he was expecting.

Didn't make the notion of weakness hurt any less, so with one last Glare he walked over to the fridge and pulled out a RedBull before slipping on his usual hoodie and a bag with his necessities like his phone, wallet, and other things.

"Dream wait-" Bad said firmly but really? Dream wasn't under his rule, he wasn't an associate, a Soldier, or anything in this mafia so why should he listen.

Drista stood up with an unusually somber look, and her shine of mischief gone for now, "We messed this one up, in some way we all did."

"... The Comfy Cartel is still planning on interfering with him somehow, this just made it easier."

Dream felt eyes drag with malicious, yet not lethal, intent because from the constant feeling of bloodlust and seeking analytical eyes on him at all times since he got tangled up in the mess he was in now. But he shook his thoughts away from that and more trying to seek out the person who was watching him but they felt like Wilbur in a way, trained and lethal.

He would have to be careful, he would not burden the others and he was able to do this one thing even as he fought with the people who had made themselves his protector.

The College student finds his attention quickly snaps in front of him as he bumped into someone, their frame was smaller but sturdy and clearly strong in the way the arms helped stabilize Dream before he fell, laughing awkwardly as he tried to disguise his unease.

This was his current stalker.

Something in his eyes must have told of his recognition because he blacked out soon after, though not entirely as he hears distantly- "Yeah... Smarter than... maybe... Mane would take..."

But the world faded and flickered far too quickly for him to fully take in what was about to happen.

Everyone is gonna be so angry at me... is the first half of his fading thoughts

... This is kind of on them though if they didn't keep me in the dark and bothered to help beyond coddling me.

Chapter End Notes

So, we've been talking about a Discord server n stuff, as mentioned before, and it's in the works and once we hit the goal mentioned (15k hits, 1k kudos, 250 comments) We'll link and open it!

Also idk it's been on my mind a bit about making a potential playlist for this fic, I'd have to go over it with the other co-authors and Mini ofc but I thought it could be

pretty neat :D

[Here's a sample song of what i'd put in the playlist](#)

Hope you enjoyed my first one-shot here!

pspspps healthy life style when???

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

I'm sorry for not uploading for a while, so have a group chat chapter!

Also, notice! I'll be taking a break from the book for a while [Author M1NI only]!

I wanna focus on my other books, not to mention I'm writing 2 others at the same time

Chapter Notes

Uh names in the group chat are here:

I'm colourblind: george

Arson seggsy??: sapnap

Ah, yes, addiction: dream

Discord Daddy: quackity

[Gunshot]: Punz

grabs screwdriver: Sam

Strums guitar in dumbass: Wilbur

Best sniper award: Technoblade

BARK BARK WOOF: Fundy

Not fucking here: Illumina

Crafting a belt brb: Phil

Swallows Vodka bottle: Schlatt

Violence but make it soft: Puffy

Nice darth vader: Bad

DIAMOND WHERE???: Skeppy

Dr. Kill Heal You: Niki

Bestie no: Eret

I am the government: Karl

More dangerous gremlin: Drista

Danger gremlin: Tommy

Michael with a B: Tubbo

Where did my socks go: Ranboo

Curb stomps you: Purpled

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Grabby hands at healthy lifestyle - 2:08 AM

bestie no: Okay who stole the tomatoes

Curb stomps you: Canned??

bestie no: yes

Swallows vodka bottle: disgusting

bestie no: ??? Leave??

BARK BARK WOOF: no no he's got a point

Michael with a B: Wrong, tomatoes are amazing.

Strums guitar in dumbass: not the canned ones. they suck ass

[GUNSHOT]: so do you but you don't see us saying anything

Discord daddy: that's a fucking violation let the man breathe

Strums guitar in dumbass: Thanks daddy

Discord daddy: nvm

Strums guitar in dumbass: it's literally your fucking name.

I'm colourblind: Why is my phone blowing up??

bestie no: I'm still looking for the canned tomatoes

I'm colourblind: Didn't we use them yesterday to make pasta

bestie no: Who's we I was out for like the majority of the night

Not fucking here: Uh no one who can't use the kitchen.

Violence but make it soft: I used them, sorry Eret.

bestie no: Oh alright, that's fine Puffy.

Arson seggsy??: i'm just saying if it was anyone else eret would've stormed over

bestie no: :)

Arson seggsy??: you know what im just gonna go find george

I'm colourblind: ?? No? Don't?

Arson seggsy??: Coming over rn bb :biteslips:

Ah, yes, addiction has closed the chat for [6 hours] - [stfu stfu im working]

Grabby hands at healthy lifestyle - 8:08 AM

Discord daddy: FREEDOM!

Discord daddy: @Ah, yes, addiction

Ah, yes, addiction: tf do you want

Discord daddy: HWy close chat mr sir???

Ah, yes, addiction: my group chat my rules whore

Discord daddy: valid. you coming over to the casino today???

Ah, yes, addiction: Maybe

Discord daddy: It's a date then :winks:

More dangerous gremlin: im gonna sock you

Discord daddy: suddenly i have work to do

Nice darth vader: DREAM!! Language!

Ah, yes, addiction: blame schlatt @Swallows vodka bottle

Swallows vodka bottle: wasnt my fucking fault you decided to follow my footsteps

Nice darth vader: LANGUAGE??

DIAMONDS WHERE??: yeah watch your fucking language

Nice darth vader: GEPPY

Best sniper award: It's too early for my phone to be bombed.

Best sniper award: @BARK BARK WOOF @*grabs screwdriver* @Ah, yes, addiction

Best sniper award: Who's idea was it to make it so we can't silence the chat

Ah, yes, addiction: if i have to suffer so do all of you

Best sniper award: Fair.

Dr. Kill Heal You: @I am the government Where did you go??

I am the government: currently i am invading dream's room. i am in his closet rn

Ah, yes, addiction: we get it youre gay now get tf out of my room

I am the government: HISSSS

Ah, yes, addiction: god fucking dammit @BARK BARK WOOF we have your friend

BARK BARK WOOF: for the last time!

BARK BARK WOOF has been muted by Ah, yes, addiction for [30 minutes] - [You are.]

Danger gremlin: clearly in this household big d has all the power

Where did my socks go: :intensefear:

Crafting a belt brb: Aren't you all supposed to be at school?

Curb stomps you: We are but classes haven't started yet

[GUNSHOT]: who's yelling

Ah, yes, addiction: not karl

Not fucking here: It's Karl

Ah, yes, addiction: Not Karl

Not fucking here: It's not Karl

[GUNSHOT]: sus

***grabs screwdriver*:** amogus

Ah, yes, addiction: im going to stab you

***grabs screwdriver*:** seggsy

Ah, yes, addiction: thats it im coming over

***grabs screwdriver*:** wait dream please

***grabs screwdriver*:** dream please im sorFTYUJK

[GUNSHOT]: F

Strums guitar in dumbass: F

Arson seggsy??: F

Best sniper award: E

I am the government: good news i am no longer in pain

I am the government: better news its been passed on to sam

I am the government: F

Grabby hands at healthy lifestyle - 1:30 PM

Michael with a B: Tommy got into a fight

Michael with a B: But that's not important why is the chat dead?

Dr. Kill Heal You: We're binge-watching Harry Potter!

Violence but make it soft: Tommy got into a what??

Michael with a B: Fight but not important why didn't you invite us :(

Curb stomps you: Tubbo we're in school and they're not very functioning adults but adults nonetheless

I'm colourblind: Hey now

Where are my socks: Yeah Tommy got into a fight with this guy

Best sniper award: Did he win

Danger gremlin: OF COURSE I DID

More dangerous gremlin: He nearly drewed

Danger gremlin: DID NOT

More dangerous gremlin: Whatever you say

Arson seggsy??: okay but why

Where are my socks: I think it was because the other dude got jealous that Tommy got on track while he didn't and was poking fun at him?

Crafting a belt brb: I'm very proud

Violence but make it soft: Phil you're supposed to be responsible

Crafting a belt brb: A common misconception

Discord daddy: I would like to inform everyone dream has physically died and if you touch him you will get haunted

bestie no: @I am the government translation

I am the government: 'Dream fell asleep and if you wake him I'm gonna gut you'

bestie no: Thank you o7

I am the government: o7

DIAMONDS WHERE??: Whoever's there take a picture I need it for blackmail

Nice darth vader: Geppy no

DIAMONDS WHERE??: Bad he's got like 5 times more blackmail on us than I have on him

Swallows vodka bottle: i'm gonna ask him for it

DIAMONDS WHERE??: wait no

BARK BARK WOOF: He probably has the most on all of us

***grabs screwdriver*:** literally all we have is his fucking addiction and shitty sleep schedule

Nice darth vader: Language!

[GUNSHOT]: how tf does he even find all those

Ah, yes, addiction: I have my ways

Discord daddy: okay yeah who woke him up

Strums guitar in dumbass: I didn't say it but Sapnap laughed really loudly right before Dream woke up

Strums guitar in dumbass: I didn't say it tho

Discord daddy: @Arson Seggsy?? You better run whore

Arson seggsy??: fuck

Nice darth vader: Language

I'm colourblind: Someone film for me

Ah, yes, addiction: Gotchu

Dr. Kill Heal You: @Discord daddy Don't hurt him too much I have a lot of work

Arson seggsy??: youre allowing this????

Dr. Kill Heal You: You woke him up.

Arson seggsy??: Fair.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it!

Bookmarks, comments, kudos appreciated!

On another note, we're gonna hit 20K soon!

Discord link: (Expires in 7 days) <https://discord.gg/WYP3snzh>

gay on gay crime

Chapter by [givemeamin](#)

Chapter Summary

re-up, again. ao3 hates me

guess the gc names ;)

Chapter Notes

by M1NI

hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Sapnap, dude, you’re in the way”

“Shit sorry”

“URGH-”

“Holy shit- George!”

“SORRY”

He stared at the mess he calls his friends, watching as George curls into his body, trembling from being elbowed in the gut by Sapnap, watching as Karl hurried away to get blankets and Quackity laughed on the side.

God, he wants to kill them.

He agreed to a small break, a cuddle session, not a shit-show. Just why did he agree to this, nonetheless in *his* room?

Dream wants to leave, just go and play a game with Punz, or maybe just down a red bull and start running for his life so he won't get killed by whoever finds the empty can, or even just sit in front of his computer, mindless typing away at several layers of codes for fun.

He's snapped out of his thoughts when he's dragged to the bed by Karl, who had returned with more than enough blankets for the five of them.

They all flop on to the bed, ready to just relax and maybe go to sleep.

But we're talking about *them*, so good luck trying to get that. Dream certainly didn't.

He sees it before he hears it, the start of chaos. Quackity grabbing a pillow from the floor, clearly *not* for sleep use but more of a very violent game of pillow fighting.

God fucking dammit, Quackity.

"URFH-" He sighs. Of course, the drug dealer targets the little whiny bitch who also has a knack for revenge.

"QUACKITY I SWEAR TO GOD-" George yells, grabbing at a pillow and tripping on top of Karl in the process, and then, chaos.

He prays to whatever is up there that he'll be left alone, but God hates him.

As he tries to sit up, a pillow lands right on his face, silence following soon after.

Oh, now they've done it.

A manic grin spreads across his tired face as he clutches the pillow previously thrown at him,

standing up on the bed as the four others start yelling, running around. ~~They're so gonna get yelled out, but that means more victims to this chaotic mess of a pillow fight.~~ He throws the pillow, landing square on Sapnap's face.

The next hour or two is a big flurry of memories, from being interrupted by Techno, who wanted to sleep, and him getting hit right in the face with a pillow, to them ambushing Wilbur, to Karl running and yelling, being chased by Punz, Illumina following shortly after, to Fundy being chased by Tommy and Tubbo, who were equipped with two pillows each, to Phil, Puffy and Schlatt being ambushed by Drista and Purpled, to Eret somehow having four pillows on them and to Ranboo who was the main target, considering his height.

They're all exhausted now, all lying on something, the floor, the couches, a chair, even the coffee table. Some have dozed off, some left to their respective rooms and the others lay still on whatever they're laying on. The teens were sent to bed by a very tired looking Phil, who had said that they weren't exempt from school.

He's so lucky he doesn't have any 8 AM lectures tomorrow.

He's not sure how long they were there for, but he knew that most had left, the only remaining ones being Phil and him.

"Hey mate, you gonna get up anytime soon?" He looks up to the grinning face of the man and smiles back, groaning softly when he tries to sit up and cracking his neck in the process.

"Maybe in like, 10 years" He jokes, not wanting to get up after his neck cracked.

"Figured. You gonna stay here or d'ya want me to call someone to take you?" Phil asks, grabbing his phone out and cocking an eyebrow at him.

"Nah, I'll get up myself later" The man nods and leaves.

Yeah no, not happening anytime soon.

He yawns, just opting to sleep on the wooden floor then get up and get in a bed, which would be preferable but he is old. ~~He's not. He's literally one of the youngest out of the adults~~ And very unwilling to get up.

His phone pings with a notification.

isn't red bull flammable (2 people)

burn baby burn: are you just going to sleep on the fucking floor

He grins. Sapnap knew him too well

where are the drinks: how'd you know

burn baby burn: dream please we all know you're not gonna get up by yourself

where are the drinks: that is correct, shawty

burn baby burn: comin over rn bb 🙄

where are the drinks: okay bb 🙄

He waits for the pyromaniac to come downstairs and either join him on the floor or just carry him up.

He grins when the head of a very dishevelled Sapnap pops up.

“Is this your disney princess arc? Am I starting a prince charming arc? Is that what this is??”
Sapnap jokes, making aggressive hand motions as Dream wheezes.

He's lifted onto Sapnap's back and carried to his bedroom. To be honest, all the rooms look the same so he's not actually sure.

“Are we cuddling without the boys??”

“Yes, you and me, me and you, by ourselves”

“That’s gay on gay crime”

“Fuck”

“I’m telling them in the group chat”

“No please I’m going to get absolutely fucked over”

“Sucks to suck”

gay on gay crime (5 people)

grabs machete: sapnap had committed

dumb fuck: NO

mr sir that’s a gun: SAPNAP HOW COUDL YOI

just blind in general: This is like the fourth time in the span of 3 days

fbi but gay: how could you

fbi but gay: wait what’s his crime

grabs machete: he’s trying to cuddle with me without the rest of the homies

dumb fuck: it’s not what it looks like i swear-

[mr sir that’s a gun] has changed [dumb fuck]’s name to [Prisoner]

just blind in general: Coming over right now

Prisoner: fuck

He smiles as the group chat descends into chaos, waiting for the rest of the boys to come running in.

Dream closes his eyes, content.

Chapter End Notes

<3

Kudos, Comments and bookmarks appreciated

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!